



There was no room in the automobile, so George rode behind. Maud wondered



after awhile where George was, and feared that maybe they had lost him. But



George was there.



**FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS.**

Father: "What have you accomplished here at the university? You're drunk  
till you are as round as a soap kettle, and that's all!"  
Student: "But, father, you told me yourself that you wanted me to go to the  
university to round off the corners!"—Lustige Blaetter.



Mrs. Binks (who has lost control of her machine): "Oh, oh! Harry! Please  
get into a bank soon. I must have something soft to fall on!"

**In Glad Content.**

I give my way, on all alone,  
Glory halloo!  
Not one dollar for call my own,  
Glory halloo!  
Thankful still whar I makes my bed,  
Glory halloo!  
Bless de Lord fer a crust er bread,  
Glory halloo!  
Don't count no gain, en count no loss,  
Glory halloo!  
Ain't no river too rough ter cross,  
Glory halloo!  
Thankful ef on de yuther side,  
Glory halloo!  
I des slips in er de safe swing wide,  
Glory halloo!

—Frank L. Stanton.

**The Sweet Cider Mill.**

In fancy I can see it still—  
The old, well-loved sweet cider mill!  
Where apples' juices were crushed out  
And gurgled down the wooden spout!  
In fancy I can see the straws  
Thro' which a youth the sweet juice draws!  
I see the plodding horse who jogs  
Around and 'round the fruit-stained cog!  
And the man who yells: "Get up; gee,  
whoa!"  
To the weary horse who is loath to go!  
Ah, sweet is the taste to youthful lips  
Of the cider that from the spigot drips!  
In after years we are sure to recall  
The cider mill in the early fall!

—Boston Globe.

**Jes' My Pipe an' Me.**

Like t' kind o' stop an' rest,  
Jes my pipe an' me;  
Kind o' set an' smoke awhile,  
Happy as kin be.  
Like t' watch th' smoke curl up,  
Jes my pipe an' me;  
Suthin' 'bout th' lassy slugs  
Makes th' old world gee.  
Like t' dream o' days that's past,  
Jes my pipe an' me;  
Kind o' dose back thru th' years  
Thet frum pain wus free.  
Travel up an' down th' world  
An' you'll never see  
Ebn' better friends 'n jes  
My ole pipe an' me.

—Ohio State Journal.



Grand Vizier: "O, most exalted ruler of the faithful, there is sad news."  
Sultan: "What is it? Speak, man!"  
Grand Vizier: "Two of your Majesty's warships have been attached by the Sheriff at Ham-  
burg!"  
Sultan: "What do you mean by frightening me so, you slave! I thought from the way you  
acted that my favorite wanted a new hat!"—Der Dorfbarbier.

**A Section Hand Story.**

A section foreman on the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton several years ago, while cleaning up the right-of-way, set fire to a rail fence and the owner of the rails demanded damages from the company and a claim agent was sent to settle with him. Danny, the section boss, was on hand and insisted that the rail owner was not damaged.  
"I don't know why I am not damaged," he exclaimed; "you set fire to my fence and destroyed it."  
"Shure I sit fere to yer fence," explained Danny, "but every rail was burned in two in the middle and now yer have more rails by double than you had before the fire."  
Danny's logic, however, did not save the company from settling the bill.—Indianapolis News.

**At the End.**  
Now that we've done  
With the pleasure of living,  
Heaven is won,  
And the Lord is forgiving.  
—Exchange.



**PROBABLY NOT.**

"Well," said Lady Georgina, who had been invited to a dress rehearsal and had to enter the stage door, "I should never dream of taking to the stage if I was expected to look like that!"—Ally Sloper.

**Trapped by Literature.**

He was a tall, sunbrowned individual, with the regulation slouch hat and the jeans uniform, and he was waiting outside "for court to open."  
"Get you again, I see?"  
"Yes—they wuz too slick for me this time—they ketches me!"  
"How many times does this make?"  
"Oh, I don't know—bout a dozen, I reckon!"  
"How'd they come to nab you?"  
"Literature!"  
"That's what! Ef it hadn't er been fer a darn book agent I wouldn't er been here—I wouldn't! He come 'long with a book that wuz simply hair-raisin', on tol' me I orter patenize the literature of my country; an' I took him at his word, an' traded him two gallons of the best 'moonshine' in Georgia fer that book; an' I lit into it, I did, an' got so wrapped up in it that I ferget all about the 'stills,' an' the revenoo come down on me 'fore I'd dog-eared one page, an' colared the whole business!"  
He took a fresh chew of tobacco, and then said:  
"But it's all right. I'll git six months, sure; but I'll make more money in jail than what I dose outter 'em!"  
"How'd you do that?"  
"Well, since I've done broke harness an' got into the literary business, I'll write one it fer enough to buy all the stills in Rabun, an' a fo'th interest in the gov'ment, besides!"—Atlanta Constitution.



"We won't go home till morning! We won't go home till morning!"



And they didn't.—Der Dorfbarbier.



**THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR.**  
"A fine child, your grandchild there, professor! But is it a boy or a girl?"  
"It is—let me see!—its name is Hans—it must be a boy!"—Der Dorfbarbier.



**THE MESMERIST WHO FAILED.**



Golf must have flourished at Denmark in Hamlet's time, judging by the above reproduction of a very ancient mural decoration which has just come to light.  
See also quotation, Hamlet, Act II, Scene 2: "Drives; it rage, strikes wide!"—Punch.

**He Pardoned Him.**  
While Governor Shaw of Iowa, is very much given to quoting statistics and dry logic in his speeches he occasionally introduces a good story, and is also quick at repartees when interrupted.  
Several times this latter ability has served him in good stead. It was out in Nebraska last year that the Governor addressed a meeting that was especially troublesome. A number of the long-whiskered Populists were rather inclined to doubt the statements made by him on the gold and tariff questions.  
To make the situation more embarrassing a half-drunken fellow in the back part of the room broke out several times and had to be quieted.  
The Governor waited patiently his opportunity to get in a telling blow, that would turn the laughter and ridicule against the offenders. Several times questions were asked and were answered by the speaker without any signs of irritation being shown.  
A man well down in front insisted on asking a question every five minutes on an average. He usually prefaced them by such remarks as, "Just a minute, please," or "Let me interrupt for a minute." In an unhappy moment he broke in with "Pardon me, but—"  
Before he could finish the Governor, a rather self-satisfied look spreading over his face, replied: "Well, I've pardoned lots worse fellows than you in my time, and I presume it would be unjust to draw the line here."  
The fellow sat down, and during the remaining two hours of the address there were no more interruptions.—Detroit Free Press.

**Economy.**  
Sullivan had served his term as section foreman and had been promoted to the position of supervisor. In the line of his duty he went over the different sections and to every foreman he announced that economy was the word, and every cent that could be saved must be saved. He further served notice to each foreman that if he did not live up to the word there would be a vacancy. After making one trip he concluded he would do a little gunshoe work, so he slipped over the district when no one was looking. Down in a gutter he found a new spike, and it was on Kelly's section, and he called Kelly in about it.  
"Kelly," said Sullivan, "didn't Oye tell you that eck-onmy was to be the wurrd?"  
"Shure, yes did, Mishier Sullivan!"  
"Thin how does it come that Oye found this spok on yer section?"  
Kelly's face brightened and he pulled his hat again.  
"Mishier Sullivan yes all right. Shure Oye had two min looken for that spok fer thray days and downed a wan could find it."  
Kelly's idea of economy got him a lay-off of thirty days.—Exchange.



"Have you decided to marry Miss Smith?"  
"H'm—I've discovered that she spends nearly \$5,000 a year for her clothes—"  
"So you are not going to marry?"  
"Oh, yes, but I shall marry her dressmaker!"—Unsere Gesellchaft.

